NATIONAL REVIEW

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January 25, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

"Total Peace": It's Not Wonderful

FORREST DAVIS

A Question of Elbow Room

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Passage from Communism

EUGENE LYONS

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · WILLMOORE KENDALL

FRANK S. MEYER · FRANCIS RUSSELL · ANTHONY LEJEUNE

JAMES BURNHAM · WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. · ROBERT PHELPS

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For the Record

Congressman Albert P. Morano of Connecticut has endorsed National Review's nomination of General Charles A. Lindbergh as missile czar.

The New York Times (paving the way for its own endorsement?) reports that "Independents" and "Democrats" favor Nelson Rockefeller for the New York Republican gubernatorial nomination. Conservatives appear to be closing ranks around Walter Mahoney, State Senate majority leader.

Communist and Communist front organizations have touched off a "write your Congressman" campaign suggesting that no money be appropriated for the House Committee on Un-American activities this year. Prominent in the movement is the Reverend A. A. Heist, a retired Methodist Minister with a Communist front record going back to 1928.

Reports continue to circulate that Robert Kennedy, the McClellan Committee Counsel, will seek office in Massachusetts on the same ticket as his brother, Senator John Kennedy.

Post Office Department officials are concerning about the legality, and increasing use, of a new and popular stamp issue in the South. The stamp, distributed by the Citizens Council, bears the legend "Remember Little Rock," and depicts soldiers with bayonets pointed at teen-agers' backs ....The official Czech news agency reports that children of the town of Telcice, Moravia are collecting money for the purpose of bringing a Negro from Little Rock to study in "free" Czechoslovakia.

The proposal to send an economic mission to Moscow has split the Argentine Government badly. The foreign minister has resigned and two other cabinet resignations are expected. Opponents of the mission say it will produce a multilateral payments agreement with the Soviet Union and other Communist countries....It is reliably reported that 75,000 Rumanians who lost their jobs in a recent industrial cut-back have been ordered to leave Bucharest and take jobs on collective farms.

Quote of the week, from the French magazine Paris-Match: "The only difference, politically, between France and America, is that when France doesn't have a government she knows it."

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● The persistent refusal of the Administration to understand is suggested by the President's invitation to the Soviet Union to join the United States in a war on malaria. The point is that Communists are no more presumptively anti-malaria than they are presumptively anti-evil. Malaria—like fall-out, or germ warfare, or lying, or murder—is good or bad depending on whether it advances the revolution. The Communists wish long and fecund and active lives for any anopheles mosquitoes that feast on free blood. The Communists will cooperate with the West only in bringing about the West's downfall; and this, nowadays, keeps both sides busy.

● Forrest Davis' thoughtful article (p.81) says what needs saying about the President's report to Congress on the state of the Union. Beyond it one asks only, What has befallen us that the message should be hailed so extravagantly? What person who heard the address last week can this week recall a memorable phrase or thought in it, or single out a proposal or observation that the President has not made one hundred times, before, during and after every Communist advance, and domestic retreat? Granted the President, presumably a sick man still, and demonstrably a man whom time and labor have ravaged, cut a heroic figure: for his courage we honor him. But must we call the shopworn new, the cliché epigrammatic, the jejune substantial? In the last analysis we have nothing to fear save the loss of our critical faculties. Must New Republicanism strip us of them too?

● Amintore Fanfani, secretary general of Italy's governing Christian Democratic Party, answered the Kremlin's proposals for "nuclear neutrality" with a speed, clarity and firmness that would be a splendid model for all Western leaders. "Russia cannot start a war without condemning herself to destruction," Signor Fanfani coldly observed. "The thought that this fate would be shared also by others can be small consolation to her." Summing up basic reasons why normal negotiations with Moscow are impossible, he concluded: "Italy is ready to negotiate with any country except those that have not yet given up the use of fifth columns in our country. No understanding can be reached with Russia as long as she persists in using Communist parties inspired by her to influence the politics and the fate of countries with which she wishes to negotiate . . . [Khrushchev] will never get agreement and support from sensible people and wise politicians by posing as a pacifist Russian while he is rearming with the secret aim of returning as a Communist conqueror of the world when his rearming is finished."

● Professor Henry Kissinger, author of *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy,* has given a rave review in the *New York Herald Tribune* to Dean Acheson's latest book, *Power and Diplomacy.* We have not yet read Mr. Acheson's book, but we are frankly puzzled. The burden of Mr. Kissinger's excellent work in the past five years is to demonstrate the suicidal nature of American foreign policy and strategic doctrine as practiced under Mr. Acheson. Which means either that Mr. Acheson has changed, or that Mr. Kissinger has. In the event it is the former, we welcome him back, as a prodigal son. In the event it is the latter, we say Communism—by Mr. Kissinger's apparent bewitchment—has won an important victory.

● Western observers in Southeast Asia were both cheered and puzzled last week by what seemed to be a sudden shift in the political attitude of Norodam Sihanouk, the ex-King, present Premier and unchallenged popular leader of Cambodia, one of the small successor states to formerly French-controlled Indochina. Prince Sihanouk, who two years ago was feted in the Soviet Union in recognition of his friendly treatment of Cambodia's Communists, bitterly denounced "the mortal danger of Communism"; urged all countries to "look at Hungary!," to "come to their senses . . . before too late"; and pledged that "if the moment comes when we must die or be taken over by the Communists, we will accept inevitable death with the conviction of not having betrayed our country." Simultaneously he called his ambassador home from Moscow, and took steps to end the use of the local Soviet embassy and Chinese trade mission as propaganda offices. No one has been able to explain Sihanouk's turn—doubly surprising in the post-Sputnik atmosphere—or to figure out what he may be up to.

● Unlike some other Presidents we might name, and like only one other President we could name, President Aisgur Asgeusson of Iceland seems to understand *both* the USSR and political science. Iceland, he says in his annual New Year's message, wants no "guarantee" by the USSR of its neutrality. Such guarantees, he says, are in peacetime unnecessary and in wartime useless—because, he at least realizes, the USSR will not respect them.

● Between January 20 and February 20, New York commuters will be able to brush up on Bolshevism

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by looking in at the pictorial exhibit the Assembly of Captive European Nations is putting on in the Lower Level of Grand Central Station. Entitled "The Forty Year Record of Bolshevism," it depicts the terror by which the Bolshevik system attains and retains power; the glaring discrepancies between Communist promises and Communist reality; Soviet imperialism, with its record of bad faith and broken treaties; and the struggles of captive peoples against the Bolshevik tyranny. Those New Yorkers who don't commute would be well advised to drop in and see it too. If anyone from the UN wants to go see it, or any of Dr. Pauling's 9,000 scientists, we'll put up the bus fare.

● Let us entertain with magnanimity and a spirit of self-sacrifice the plea for a fortieth wife by the Arab sheik the object of whose desire is Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Who says a) that NATIONAL REVIEW is against foreign aid, or b) that the U.S. has no friends in the Middle East?

Sacrifice? By Whom?

When a doctor chain-smokes while telling us to give up cigarettes, it is hard to take his counsel very seriously. And how seriously are we to listen to Dr. Eisenhower and his colleagues of the Administration when, after dinning our ears with post-Sputnik rhetoric about "crisis," "Soviet threat," "mortal danger," "survival," "sacrifice" and "time for greatness," they spell out their meaning with the fat and dripping budget they have proposed to the Congress and the nation?

What sacrifice? And by whom? A billion-plus pay raise for civilian government workers? Is that the kind of belt-tightening that is going to harden us up to meet the challenge of Soviet ICBM's? A $600 million increase (to $2.5 billion) for fancy new roads —a $15 billion five-year boost, with easier terms, in insured housing credits—increased construction of post offices and other federal buildings—a half-billion more in armed services pay—more than three billion to continue piling up unusable farm surpluses, and a $40 million increase (to $376 million) for "financing rural electrification and rural telephones"—$60 million increase for public housing—more than five billion in payments to veterans, much of it totally unrelated to military service, and more than three and a half billion for "labor and welfare"? Are these the signs of that Spartan austerity with which we will defend our closely threatened freedom?

All these, moreover, with no rise in taxes, with a predicted deficit for the current fiscal year, and a glossed-over prospect of a much bigger deficit for the year following.

Such, then, is the stern call to duty sounded by the commander-in-chief!

Even on the side of military security, for which these harrowing non-sacrifices are to be made, the budget is characteristically incoherent. The projected military expenditures express neither a clear national policy nor an intelligible strategic doctrine; nor do they follow up the recommendations of any of the expert reports that have lately issued from within and without the government. There is a bit more for research, missiles and space, but not enough to constitute even a poised "crash program," or to make any significant difference in our rate of development compared to Russia's. Strategic Air Force expansion beyond 1959 is unprovided for, without foreknowledge that ICBM's will then be able to replace the SAF's functions. The conventional Army, Navy and Marine units are cut back still further from an adequate basis for fighting little wars, but not enough to mean any major saving, or to eliminate the waste of supporting obsolescent forces—*if* they are obsolescent. The total budgetary picture of the military establishment is a bewildering medley of brush strokes composed into no recognizable shape.

The President's budget, shocking in its present context, is a further sign of what we stated editorially in October: that, as we have written before, we have entered "the twilight of the Eisenhower era." *Decisions* are now inescapably called for, but decisions are what the Eisenhower method is not capable of giving.

Right Answer, Wrong Words

President Eisenhower's reply to Premier Bulganin was, on the whole, incisive and heartening. Resisting mounting pressures at home and near hysteria abroad for an immediate panacean summit conference, Mr. Eisenhower couched his refusal in such terms as to score at least a draw in the propaganda battle. Far from intransigent, he indicated his willingness to meet Premier Bulganin any time the proper groundwork had been laid for such a meeting. And by groundwork he referred specifically to the redemption of pledges the USSR has made in past summit meetings only to ignore them—such as, to mention only two, free elections in Eastern Europe (Yalta, 1945) and a free and reunited Germany (Geneva, 1954).

But while firm on the vital point, the President's letter was weakened by ritualistic moralities, which he may well have to abandon under the pressure of future circumstances.

For instance, Mr. Eisenhower assured Bulganin that "never will the United States lend its support

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to any aggressive action by any collective defense organization or any member thereof." Is that so? Suppose a Communist junta takes over in Guatemala and that the Organization of American States decides to do something about it—would the United States resist? To take another example, a Communist led and supplied army in Syria massed on the Jordanian frontier, and Jordan decided to strike first? Would we be enjoined from aiding Jordan?

On the Bulganin proposal that all members of NATO and of the Warsaw pact sign some sort of nonaggression pact, Mr. Eisenhower replied that this would be supererogatory since "all the members of NATO are already bound to the United Nations Charter provision against aggression." So they are; but that proved no deterrent to Great Britain and France and Israel in their Suez invasion a year ago.

These are rhetorical and dialectical weaknesses. But all in all, it was one of Mr. Eisenhower's finest hours.

Reuther: The Real Answer

In calling for a three-way split of the automobile industry's "excess" profits—a fourth to labor, a fourth to the consumer in the form of rebates, and the remaining half to management and the investor—Walter Reuther has demonstrated once again that he knows more about appealing to public opinion than the whole of Madison Avenue. The formula, seemingly, is straight out of the life-story of the original Henry Ford; indeed, if we correctly recall an article by the late Garet Garrett on the "genius" of the Ford system, Mr. Reuther might be accused of arrant plagiarism from a foremost capitalist "apologist." After *this* proposal it is going to be increasingly difficult to remember that Walter Reuther ever was a Marxian socialist.

How to answer the proposal? It can't be answered as Harlow Curtice, President of General Motors, has tried to answer it, by calling it a "radical scheme" that is "foreign to the concept of the American free enterprise system." Nor can anyone really argue, as Chrysler's "Tex" Colbert has tried to do, that the UAW President has made a "whole series of new inflationary demands upon the automobile industry." To divide the proceeds from profitable cost-cutting among management, the investor, labor and the consumer is entirely consonant with "the American free enterprise system," and it is scarcely correct to describe as "inflation" the mere sharing of what has been earned on past production.

The only good answer to the Reuther proposal resides elsewhere, in the quite prosaic field of cost accountancy and bookkeeping and the right of management to direct its own reinvestment program. Mr. Reuther speaks of "excess" profits—meaning, presumably, any money that is left over after management has bought its raw materials, paid its workers, serviced its debts, allowed for depreciation charges, and paid a competitive dividend on the stock. It is this curious idea of "excess" that is Mr. Reuther's weak point. Mr. Reuther sounds, in fact, like the Dodge brothers when they were suing Henry Ford to compel him to "disgorge" profits instead of plowing them back into the business. But Ford resisted, and the five-dollar-a-day wage was the result. More recently, the automobile industry has used its garnering of "excess" profits to buy the huge "transfermatic" equipment which has accounted for the modern automobile worker's productivity—and high wages.

If Mr. Reuther had prefaced his demands with an announcement that he had no intention of quarreling with management's decisions about retaining profits for such items as research, development and cost-saving machinery, but was merely putting in a bid for profit-sharing *after* such decisions had been made, there would have been no arguing with him. Both GM's Curtice and Chrysler's Colbert should have said just that.

Kreuttner

"Socialism and the Superstate are inevitable due to the drift toward Socialism and the Superstate."

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Person to Person

This week, on January 20, the Republican Party will stage fund-raising dinners around the land at which the high and the mighty will address the well heeled, for anything from $25 to $100 per plate. We read that Republican ticket-sellers are encountering considerable resistance. That resistance is indisputably due to the sense of betrayal felt so keenly by Republican conservatives. "Why should I kick in one hundred dollars"—we can hear the disaffected asking themselves—"which may end up being used to bolster the candidacies of a Case or a Javits?"

Why indeed?

But we all have it within our power to make our dollars count, by sending them directly to candidates who, in the main, serve the conservative cause. The money conservative Republicans are this year withholding from Republican Party headquarters should be sent directly to individual Republican candidates.

Two men immediately come to mind. The first, as a politician, is a relative neophyte. He announced last week that he will seek the Republican nomination for Senator from the State of New Jersey. For years he has fought, in different capacities, to guard our internal security, most recently as chief counsel to the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee. Against Judge Robert Morris are aligned great forces—outside the Republican Party as well as within it. He is not rich, and must depend on those who want Senators who know the enemy and are determined that Communism shall not prevail. Contributions should be sent to him directly, to 304 Atlantic Avenue, Point Pleasant, N.J.

The other contest is one whose consequences will be immediately felt, all over the world. If William Knowland is beaten in California, the effect on American Far Eastern policy is likely to be disastrous: for he, among the politicians, is the most stalwart and determined friend of Free China. The country will have lost, moreover, the only major political figure with the courage to call for a sober regulation of labor union power. Senator Knowland has been singled out for attack by the forces of the Left, and he will need the help of all his well-wishers. Contributions should go to him at the Senate Office Building, Washington 25, D.C.

There it is: one newcomer, beginning his political career; and one political titan, moving on. Both conservative, both anti-Communist; and both in need of help.

No Coals to Newcastle

When the National Committee of the Communist Party closed down the *Daily Worker* last week, it buried a corpse. The circulation of the Party's thirty-year-old "central organ" had dropped from 100,000 to 5,000—and half that number went to anti-Communists, libraries and FBI agents.

The *Daily Worker's* death deserves a moment's meditation. Why (one wonders) did Moscow *allow* its chief official U.S. journal to die? and why (more generally) has Moscow permitted the U.S. Party to wither away into a seedy sect that amounts to little more than an alliance of a half dozen eccentric political groupings? There can be no doubt that, if Moscow had so chosen, the paper could have maintained a substantial circulation—a modest amount of money would have been enough for that—and the Party, though it might not have flourished, could have continued putting up if not an impressive, at least a noticeable quantitative front.

But the Kremlin, which does not lack for resources or skills in such matters, supplied neither the funds nor the technical assistance that could have kept "the American movement" actively going. Instead—for it is plainly deliberate—the Kremlin decided to reduce the Party, for this next period at least, to a shell. Why?

We incline to a twofold answer. The Kremlin wants to entangle Washington in negotiations, preferably "two-power" negotiations, that would revive the old dream of a world settlement agreed to and enforced by the two great world powers—what diplomats call a "Soviet-American condominium." A large, active Communist Party, with its constant public witness to Moscow's bad faith and subversive intentions, is an obstacle to such negotiations (as witness, for example, Mr. Fanfani's action, described above) even now, as in 1933. It therefore makes sense to let the Party go (except for the shell that can be fleshed out when times change), and order most individual Communists to function underground.

From a second and "higher" standpoint, the Kremlin doubtless reasons that it no longer has any need for an official U.S. Communist Party, or of official U.S. Communists, other than spies and underground agents. There is no use going to the trouble and expense of supporting a big U.S. Communist setup when there are plenty of non-Communist Americans to do your work for you—and do it all the better *because* they are not Communists.

Why build your own organization to "stop nuclear testing" when Linus Pauling will get 9,000 fellow scientists to propagandize your slogan? Why organize a sleazy group to demand Robert Oppenheimer's reinstatement when the President's own chief scien-

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tific adviser (I. I. Rabi) and the Pentagon's missile chief (James Killian) lead the cry on their own initiative? Why form clumsy committees to get Comrades out of jail when the Supreme Court will see to it cheaper and quicker? Why build societies to prove that the Soviet Union is No. 1 in arms, science, education and economic growth, when nine-tenths of the nation's publicists repeat it daily? When George Kennan does his best to forestall West European missile sites, it would be ridiculous to push forward a Party hack in competition.

In short: why spend money for what you can get free?

More Science, Less Sense?

Dr. Linus Pauling's feat in rounding up 9,000 scientists from 43 countries to present a petition to the UN asking that nuclear bomb tests be stopped is staggering in every way. It is staggering, first of all, in point of the sheer stenographic energy involved in assembling the protest. Secondly, it is staggering that 9,000 scientists should, on the most charitable construction, be unaware of Dr. Linus Pauling's record for fellow-traveling. The most appalling aspect of the whole thing, however, is that 9,000 scientists—physicists, chemists, astronomers, biologists and mathematicians—could display the political stupidity, or innocence, or whatever you want to call it, involved in submitting this plea to halt bomb tests to the UN.

If they had directed their argument to Khrushchev, it might have made a little sense. (Not much, for it is obvious that no agreement made with the Russians would be worth the paper it is written on.) But to the UN! Don't these scientists know that the U.S., long ago, moved heaven and earth to get the Russians to agree to make the UN the caretaker of the "bomb"? Haven't they ever heard of the Baruch, the Lilienthal and the Acheson proposals? Don't they know that President Eisenhower has frequently suggested the discontinuance of nuclear explosions on condition that the Russians agree to a foolproof inspection system with the UN in on the inspection?

In submitting their petition to the UN the scientists have, in effect, made the U.S. appear before the world as a guilty party which has shown no interest in the nuclear race. It beats us that 9,000 men presumably dedicated to truth could be found to give countenance to such a libel. And this (so we must reflect wryly) is the very tribe whose numbers we propose to swell by providing one billion bucks for more education in science. Some of the 9,000—the real fellow travelers—are, of course, crazy like foxes. But that is still another tale of ultimate stupidity. We are too tired to go into it here.

Notes and Asides

Mr. Robert Welch is an amazing man who a) runs a business (Welch Candy), b) writes books (*The Life of John Birch*), c) publishes and edits a magazine (*American Opinion*), and d) is as conservative as they come. In a recent issue of his magazine, he laid it on the line with his readers on rather a touchy subject.

Apropos of absolutely nothing at all—understand—we pass on Mr. Welch's lecture:

"More than a year ago [Mr. Welch writes] we received a 'stop-press' note from one of our more prolific correspondents of the extreme right. We had been favored with a long letter from this lady the day before. In that letter she had set forth, exactly and at length, what the conservatives had to do in order to win a national election and save our country. One absolute requisite was that the movement be led by J. Bracken Lee. No substitute would be considered.

"But within twenty-four hours after mailing us her masterpiece, the lady had come across somewhere in some area of controversy, some statement of Bracken Lee which did not jibe with her ideas on that particular subject. So she hastened to send us a 'flash' that Lee wouldn't do after all. And she firmly implied that we were to hold everything until she found somebody suitable for the top position.

"As we remember it, we sent this lady a one-paragraph reply, in which we merely told her a historical anecdote concerning the Emperor Charles V. After a few decades of having thousands of his subjects burned at the stake, or otherwise taught a lesson, for some slight differences between his opinions and theirs in matters of religion, His Majesty retired. One of his hobbies was tinkering with clocks. And eventually he made a sad confession: 'What a fool I have been,' he said. 'All my life I have tried to make human beings think exactly alike, and here I cannot even make two clocks keep exactly the same time.' "

Our Contributors: FORREST DAVIS ("'Total Peace': It's Not Wonderful"), a journalist of distinction and long experience, represented the *Saturday Evening Post* in Washington during World War II. At present he is there again, as a columnist for the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. . . . JOHN DOS PASSOS ("A Question of Elbow Room") has won world-wide fame as a writer of both fiction and history. His latest book is *The Men Who Made the Nation*. . . . EUGENE LYONS ("Passage from Communism"), now a Senior Editor of the *Reader's Digest*, has long been an authority on Communism and Communists. Among his books are *Assignment to Utopia* and *The Red Decade*.

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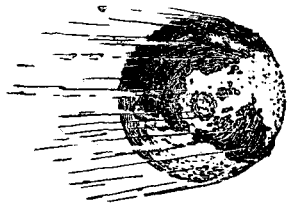

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

What Price Arms?

Panic over the enemy's superiority (real or supposed) in arms is not the antipodes but the twin of *complacency* over one's own arms predominance. The common parent of both attitudes is vulgar materialism.

If human conflicts were in truth decided by superiority in arms, there would have been no history. The first tribe that invented the stone tomahawk would have established its permanent, unchallengeable rule over all mankind. In fact, if there is any general law about the relationship between arms superiority and survival, it is almost the opposite of the assumption that is being made in our current national discussion. The nation that puts its exclusive reliance on material armament, or on material strength more generally, is pretty sure to lose.

In weapons, wealth and manpower, Alexander's Macedonia was a midget compared to the giant Persia. But like that of so many Goliaths, the Persian material might dissolved under the onslaught of a fiery David. Courage, a sense of organization, tactical skill, strategic insight and a resolute purpose—the resources of the spirit, in short—proved weightier in the scale of history than lumps of matter.

In 1936, overwhelming French arms predominance did not stop Hitler's wooden-gunned troopers from marching into the Rhineland. Superior French and Spanish ordnance could not win at Trafalgar against Nelson's boldness and tactical flair.

What were the physical weapons of the Goths and Vandals alongside the arsenals of Rome? But it was Rome that fell. How ludicrously meager was the material equipage of the desert tribes before whom, once their scimitars were tempered with the spiritual fire of Islam, armies and empires fell like grain ready for the harvester!

By the nature of the case, the revolutionary side in a social struggle is bound to be, at the outset, inferior in material means to the entrenched camp. We can never too often remind ourselves that when Lenin, in 1903, founded the Bolshevik enterprise, it possessed a half dozen revolvers for arms and only debts for its economic foundation.

Flesh and Spirit

In 1941-42 Hitler failed to defeat the Soviet Union in spite of the fact that Nazi armament was, by and large, markedly superior to Soviet. The errors in Hitler's Eastern policy turned battlefield success into political disaster.

In these postwar years the Soviet Union has won victories hardly precedented in world history, although during this entire period it has been inferior in the decisive categories of material arms—absolutely inferior during the first half dozen years. When the Communists, because of the United States monopoly of nuclear weapons, found themselves wholly outmatched in material power, they did not slump into panic or hysteria. They bypassed the weapons, and mounted their thrust against the men who made them (the American scientists and technicians) and the men who controlled their use (the leaders of American public opinion and government). They paralyzed the will of the opponent who had the superior weapons. Was that not a surer riposte than 10,000 planes and bombs of their own?

And similarly today, what need do the Communists have for any material "anti-missile missile," when our missiles are spiked in advance by our absolute renunciation of the right to initiate their use?

Naturally everyone wants to be better armed than the enemy, and thereby to keep the material odds as favorable to us as we can manage. But the biggest pile of chips can't guarantee our winning. There is even, sometimes, a certain danger in too gross a material predominance. It lulls our senses, makes us forget that the spirit is more powerful than the body. Superiority in arms and in other forms of material wealth is most certainly a danger if it becomes a substitute for purpose, will and policy.

These are not mere loose abstractions, but principles most specifically related to the hard strategic problems of our contest with the Soviet Union—a contest that is, of course, a desperate struggle for survival. The outcome is not going to be decided by missiles or space platforms, but by whether we succeed in beginning the disintegration of their world before they complete the disintegration of ours.

This question can be given statistical forms. In the nations of captive Eastern Europe there are some 100 million persons, and in the non-Russian nations of the Soviet Union proper another 100 million. From their conduct in both world wars, from the evidence of massacres and guerrillas, defectors, slave camps, riots and revolts, we know that in their large majority they hate the imperial tyranny of Russian Bolshevism; and many Russians, also, share their hatred. For whom and for what will these peoples and these nations fight, if it comes to fighting? Are they not a weapon much more nearly ultimate than any missile or space ship we could devise?

In all the pretentious reports, whether Rockefeller or Gaither, that are now clogging the communication channels, in all the verbose deluge from our established managers in and out of government, nothing, quite literally nothing, is being said about these 200 million Poles and Armenians, Hungarians, Czechs, East Germans and Ukrainians. How are Poles and Ukrainians to judge a report that speaks only of arms the only potential use of which would seem to be to blow them up along with their Russian Communist masters? We labor for years over another division or two for NATO, while we altogether overlook sixty divisions, across the Iron Curtain and in the very citadel of the enemy, that could be ours for the right kind of asking.

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"Total Peace": It's Not Wonderful

A distinguished political analyst explains, citing chapter and verse from the State-of-the-Union Address, why he is ready to resign from this century, and adds: Ill fares the land that applauded it

FORREST DAVIS

Washington, D.C.

We are indebted to an attentive, not to say worshipful, observer of Mr. Eisenhower's State-of-the-Union tour de force for an alarming analysis of his audience's response. According to Roscoe Drummond in the *Herald Tribune,* the House of Representatives chamber rang most with applause when the President declared "total peace" against the total enemy of mankind. The Senators and Representatives present on this ceremonial occasion (from which only Mr Warren's Supreme Court and the Soviet Ambassador were conspicuously absent among those bidden) were, as Mr. Drummond read their minds, against war and for peace much, perhaps, as Calvin Coolidge's pastor was against sin. But Mr. Drummond went on to a further deduction which we may hope unwarranted, reasoning from the congressional outburst that "the American people are far more eager to press negotiations with the Soviets than Secretary Dulles and some others in the Administration have believed."

If that was the spring that moved the members of the 85th Congress to applaud peace, if that was the impact of "total peace" on Congress and people, ill fares the land. But while there was little enough in the President's order-of-the-day to persuade the public that there's a war on, a point to which we shall return, I took a different reading of the frequent acclaim with which the Congress punctuated the speech. The enthusiasm arose, I surmised, less over what Mr. Eisenhower disclosed of the state of the Union than out of relief that he could disclose at all.

A sense of lifted anxiety could be noted in the conduct of the most engaging leader of the Upper House since Henry (Harry of the West) Clay. I refer, of course, to our Younger Pitt, Senator Lyndon Johnson, the majority leader and a parliamentarian whose easy skill with men and measures approaches genius. No one more than the tall Texan escorting the President down the aisle along with the minority leader, California's Senator William F. Knowland, better understood the difficulties in wait for Congress should the President not articulate a program; not necessarily a strong or inspiring program but one which the Congress could weigh and review.

The Founding Fathers, designating Congress as the policy-making branch, failed to understand the essentially compromising nature of the legislative process. Under our system, as Johnson knows, the President proposes and Congress disposes.

Hence, I deduced that Congress' geniality, in such marked contrast to its offhand reception of him a year ago, stemmed in part from a pleased surprise that the President was fit for this task after repeated affliction, plus a sportsmanlike approval of his gumption in undertaking it. Form was triumphing over content. As for the response to the President's passages on peace remarked by Drummond, it did seem that he bore down more on these matters than others. This would be in character, the President having long exhibited a preoccupation with peace *qua* peace that some have called obsessive.

And the Press Cheered

As for the general content of the President's appraisal, I find myself in a lonely minority. Where others cheered and the daily press has been likening it to Washington's Second Inaugural and the Gettysburg Address for sublimity, I found it depressing. Mr. Eisenhower minimized, as other military authorities do not, the state of our missile defenses. He had not come to explain or extenuate the circumstances that have made us second best in space vehicles, missiles and perhaps a wider range of weaponry. He promised to expedite research and development in these fields and reorganize the Pentagon, already aboil with uncertainty, to remedy lapses which he seemed to be attributing to "inter-service rivalries."

So much for "safety through strength." For putting us on a "total peace" footing, the President proposed larger donations to other countries, federal grants toward the education of more scientific workers and a "Science for Peace" challenge to the Soviet Union for a concerted effort to stamp out, for example, the scourge of malaria in countries that do not exterminate the anopheles mosquito.

This challenge received a rather inordinately good press. Mutual assistance has not over the years proved a notable success. Several of the Asian-African countries unofficially represented at the Cairo conference, wherein disgruntled anti-colonialists put themselves at the service of the last great empire, have been supping at our table. From the Soviet Union these inherent enemies of the West receive loans at capitalistic interest rates and barter, which usually turns out to their disadvantage. We insist upon donating our goods and services with "no strings attached." The clever fellows won't accept our largesse otherwise. And no one can know with any precision at this moment whether federal appropriations are needed to turn out more physicists and chemical engineers for a professional labor market that may not absorb them.

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By far the most disquieting aspect of the State-of-the-Union speech, however, lay in the President's proposal to confront the Soviet empire's "total cold war" with "total peace." While the phrase smacks of Madison Avenue, it could be the President's mental get. In puzzling over its meaning I have been transported into something like a dream state. Into a waking nightmare, wherein with Kafka-like somnambulism I find myself unable to escape a mob of terribly cheerful citizens wearing peace paint, chanting peace songs and brandishing peace clubs. I am striving to find someone in authority to whom I can hand my resignation from the twentieth century; a century holding no alternative to the desolation of total war or the Arctic motionlessness and meaninglessness of total peace. I find no authority. There is no hope; no total hope.

Total peace, I fear, can not be enjoyed short of the grave. Yet it is not so much the semantics of the term which disquieted me as the insight it may afford into the President's thinking. How can a nation wage peace, let alone total peace? War, yes. War is struggle, defined action growing out of unresolved tension; peace is a condition of resolved tension, a beatitude. Yet it is to that indefinable state that the President is seeking to rally us.

The Kremlin wages war. Its warmaking includes the deceptive use of peace language. The President perceives that the Kremlin is waging total cold war, coldly and implacably aimed at the total destruction of the West, its immense and hopeful history, its power, its glory and its values. To the Kremlin the desire for peace in the civilized world is a weakness to be preyed upon. With Mr. Eisenhower peace is a positive good to be achieved by virtuous means.

The consequence is that the Kremlin and the President have diametrically opposed objectives. While the Soviet Union desires and intends to win, to destroy our society and enslave us, Mr. Eisenhower intends only to avoid a quarrel. The Soviet Union wages peace with a war psychology; we wage peace with a peace psychology. This naturally puts us at a disadvantage which all may see.

Now we are, of course, waging cold war also, although we do so under the description of peace. We bait the Soviet Union from bases running right round its imperial borders. We build a deadly war machine, cultivate alliances and oppose Soviet expansionism in many quarters of the globe. Yet we call it peace and the President seems to mean it. Moscow calls its warmaking peace but its terminology is tactical and Aesopian, covering a mere stage on the predetermined path to conquest.

Because of this ambivalence we are on the defensive, countering thrusts rather than dealing them. It is Khrushchev, not Eisenhower, who promises to "bury" his enemy, who confidently proclaims that our grandchildren will be Communists.

More Realistic Opinions

There have been other examinations into the state of the Union uniformly more pessimistic than the President's and hence more to the taste of educated opinion. In the narrow range of weaponry, the able officers testifying before Senator Johnson's Preparedness Subcommittee have persuaded many of us that the space vehicle and missile fault lay less with service rivalries than with a lack of interest and resolve on civilian levels up to and including the White House.

Senator Johnson's own State-of-the-Union address before the Senate Democratic caucus threw a clear light on our military deficiencies, expressing a realistic doubt that we can quickly catch up, and affirming a high national purpose. The Senator lifted the discussion, moreover, into a trajectory more elevated than the President's by voicing as a categorical imperative our need to be first on the moon and in control of space if we wish to preserve our freedom to survive on earth. (Whereupon, the *Washington Post* sniffed at the Senator's space chauvinism, implying that we should explore and master space hand in hand with Soviet Russia.)

The state of the Union, as one may observe it from Washington, appears therefore perplexed, a bit limp and looking for the resolute guidance, the initiative which the President did not, in my opinion, vouchsafe. For this slackness we have an incisive account from the hardhitting creator of the atomic submarine, Admiral Hyman G. Rickover. Before the Johnson subcommittee, Admiral Rickover stated that the American people are "kidding" themselves that they are at peace when they are, in truth, at war. Said Rickover:

> . . . most of our people cannot understand that we are actually at war. . . .
> . . . They need to hear shells. They are not psychologically prepared for the concept that you can have a war when you don't have actual, literal fighting—and this is the trouble. Everybody today in the military should . . . be doing things as if we were really at war. We have got to learn ways of doing things faster.
> I fear it is almost too late. This is what I worry about.

What Was Lacking

The President's failure is, as I see it, moral as well as psychological. Contributing nothing to our awareness of war by his "lack of urgency" and stress on peace, the President did not identify and charge the enemy with his crimes as a means of furnishing a justifiable moral rationalization for war and victory.

In the well of that same congressional chamber, Woodrow Wilson summoned the nation's wrath against an enemy whose most grievous offense was violating the law of the sea.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt from the same rostrum cried shame on an enemy who, although he dealt us a treacherous blow, was vowed only to defeat and despoil us. True when Wilson and Roosevelt spoke cold wars had turned suddenly and infuriatingly hot. Yet the present enemy wages war on the whole nature of our society and threatens us with a monstrous fate.

The moral indignation which we found it so easy to visit upon the Kaiser, upon Adolf Hitler and the Japanese military caste seems to have evaporated in the presence of a vaster danger. And, with the current enemy, many of us are suing for peace before the first shot is fired.

How could the President have made the country aware of war and thus girded the spirit for lack of which our defenses are down? Last year, the fiasco of Suez haunting the West, Mr. Eisenhower took the initiative in

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the Middle East, offering a policy which came to be known as the Eisenhower Doctrine and which has, in my judgment, bettered our situation in that quarter.

Suppose he had chosen to snatch the initiative from that nagging letter-writer Bulganin. He could have challenged the Soviet Union not to a joint venture in the eradication of malaria but to call off the cold war, retire from its satellites, abandon the ramified structure of espionage and subversion maintained in all lands, agree in good faith to genuine reduction of arms with inspection and guarantees. Had he laid down such terms, he would have been one up on Khrushchev, stolen a march on world opinion, clarified our moral position for our own people and given meaning to the sacrifices which all leading voices assure the public it must make. It should be far easier to exact sacrifices from a people arming for their survival than for the purpose of waging total peace against an enemy whose whole being and reason for existence demands the death of our society.

The President might have said quite candidly that we are engaged in a cold war that has been forced upon us, that he hopes to maintain the present edgy truce as long as possible but that our war aim is the destruction of the enemy's power to harm us, preferably, of course, by non-violent means. Such forthright speaking might not have satisfied Madison Avenue or the professional pacifists but it should have discouraged the rising tide of appeasement and made more sense for plain citizens.

Retreat

The West has been pretty much in retreat before the anti-Western forces of twentieth-century despotism since the rise of the Lenins, the Hitlers and Mussolinis in the unhappy aftermath of a war that mortally wounded the great society of Europe. Always there are those in the West who believe, or profess to believe, there is room for maneuver, that we can, if in good faith, satisfy the insane imperialistic drives of the dictators and their desire to plunder the accumulated riches of the West.

A new impulse has been given to those who believe they can placate or outwit the barbarians. John Foster Dulles, guiding this Administration around the traps laid by Khrushchev, is today the prime butt of the appeasers, the Communoids, the fellow travelers and a host of the uninstructed who seek their ease, indifferent to the lessons of history. It would be too bad if Mr. Eisenhower's campaign for total peace should hearten and confirm these forces in their error.

High Finance in the Suburbs

FRANCIS RUSSELL

His favorite programs were:
Phil Silvers as Sergeant Bilko, *The $64,000 Question,*
Arthur Godfrey of course, Perry Como, Ed Sullivan
(Until Elvis Presley appeared as his guest star),
And Jackie Gleason, above all Jackie Gleason.
Liberace he didn't care much for
And he could never make up his mind between *I Love Lucy* and Bishop Sheen.

One evening as he sat watching the blueish screen
In the 28-foot living room with the double picture window
Of his ranch house in Newton Highlands
The telephone interrupted him.
"New York calling," the operator said, and then a voice:
"Mays of J. F. Rothschild and Company. You know our name,"
The warm voice said. "Did you get our confidential
"Letter of last week? No? Well, to be brief
"Our analysts are convinced
"That in a few weeks, a month perhaps there'll be something spectacular
"Brewing in Bloy Oils. The stock should rise like a rocket.
"They've some unexplored fields in Canada, profits turned back,
"A new amalgamation, just waiting to get off the ground.
"We want to attract customers. One way is
"To give a selected few our inside information.
"I can let you have a few thousand shares at 2½—
"And of course no broker's commission to pay.
"Better act now before the market jumps, but
"Call us reverse charge any time."

He was suspicious of such after-hours calls; he'd heard that before.
Still, the name Rothschild—they wouldn't dare take that—
A name all Europe knew (he'd seen George Arliss in the picture),
And Bloy Oils was listed on the American Exchange,
Not as if no one had ever heard of it.
The second night the voice called he bought 2,000 shares.

In the next weeks Bloy Oils went up slowly
1/16 of a point a time and stalled at 2 7/8.
Then somewhat more rapidly it came down again, 2 1/4,
2 as autumn turned to winter, and always down.
at 1 5/16 he lost faith in Bloy
And in J. F. Rothschild and Company, and sold out,
This time paying a commission.
And he felt he had learned a $2,500 lesson.

His remaining $2,500 he invested in U.S. Government bonds.
Never again. Never again would he lose 50 per cent of his money
In a few weeks. This way it would take him
Fifteen years.

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Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The Honors List: Sense and Nonsense

One of our quaint English customs is to issue twice yearly, on New Year's Day and in summer on the sovereign's official birthday, an Honors List containing the names of many hundreds of people who receive earldoms, baronies, knighthoods or membership or promotion in one of the orders of chivalry. The latest Honors List, for instance, created two new barons—Sir John Harding and Sir Norman Birkett, three baronets and thirty-six knights. One hundred eleven awards, one out of seven, went to women; the best known probably being novelist Rose Macaulay, who becomes a Dame of the British Empire. The List is divided into sections, the largest and most general being the Prime Minister's List, which is followed by the Foreign Office List, the Commonwealth Relations Office List, the Colonial Office List, the three service lists, and so on. Far more people get letters after their names than titles in front of them.

From the outside, I suppose, the whole affair may look like meaningless ceremony except for the creation of peers with a seat in the House of Lords. In Britain, however, the Honors Lists still arouse a great deal of interest, spreading far outside the circle of people directly involved. I know of one or two distinguished men who refused to accept an Honor, either because of their equalitarian principles or for some other personal reason; but most recipients, Socialists or not, accept with alacrity.

The publication of each Honors List is inevitably the occasion for much criticism, particularly from the popular press. The newspapers have their own rather peculiar criterion of what constitutes a good Honors List. One of them called this New Year's List "really imaginative" because it gave a knighthood to an atomic scientist and minor honors to a cricketer, a golfer and a billiards player. Every Honors List is regularly stigmatized as dull because it contains a majority of recipients, predominantly civil servants, of whom the general public has never heard.

This particular complaint is largely irrelevant. An Honors List is not and should not be a sort of Royal Variety Performance to be judged by the number of celebrities on the bill. One of the most valuable features of the system is that it enables the country to reward long and faithful service which cannot be adequately rewarded by money or fame. It is entirely proper that distinguished writers, artists, actors and explorers should be publicly honored in this way, but it is probably more important that those who serve the public directly as administrators, soldiers and judges should receive some mark of gratitude from the State itself.

A much more valid criticism could be levelled at the impersonal way in which some of the duller sections of the List seem to be selected. Certain Embassies, certain ranks in the Civil Service carry a particular Honor with them quite automatically. If it were not awarded, the omission would be an intolerable slight; if it were awarded to any junior official it would be an intolerable solecism.

As social commentators tirelessly point out, British society is still stratified in classes, though vertical movement is not difficult. Titles play a substantial, though never a decisive part, in the class system. This is one reason why some people are doubtful of the propriety of awarding titles as a reward for prowess at football or cricket or racing, and no doubt one reason why the popular newspapers and all other opponents of the hierarchical society are strongly in favor of it.

Baronetcies and peerages are hereditary. Baronetcies have no political significance but peerages, whatever may be the end of the dispute over Lords Reform, do still carry a seat in the Upper House of Parliament. Forty years of democratic legislation have stripped the Lords of most of their real power but the creation of new peers remains a matter of some interest and importance. For the peer himself it means that neither he nor the heirs to his title can ever stand for the House of Commons. Conversely it means that famous scholars, great soldiers, experienced administrators and diplomats, men who would never submit themselves to the hypocritical process of popular election as a party candidate, can be co-opted into the business of government. It has been truly pointed out that since the end of the war not a single person of real distinction in a non-political field or a single serviceman above the rank of Brigadier, has entered the House of Commons. Why should they when the ordinary backbench members have become mere voting cattle, walking blindly into the division lobbies when their party whips tell them to? This is a frightening indictment of our system, but an unelected Upper House does offer a solution or at least an alleviation of it.

The danger of regarding the creation of peerages as a political instrument is that the Government of the day may use it for Party political ends. The elected politicians of the Commons, refusing to brook any interference with their wishes, may suddenly create enough peers of their own political persuasion to pack the House of Lords and rush through some controversial measure. The Labor Party has used this weapon in the past and would certainly not be above using it again. Apart from all their theoretical objections to the Lords, however, the Socialists are faced with a peculiarly annoying phenomenon. Whenever good Socialists become peers, there seems to be a strange tendency for their sons to become Conservatives. One of the major problems of Lords Reform is how to get and keep a respectable number of Socialists there.

Meanwhile the Honors Lists begin with a few great names and follow them up with an army of men and women who have served their country all over the world from the offices of Whitehall to the remote and dangerous jungles of some unconsidered colony. Like so many British institutions, the system is a tangle of old ways and new, of sense and nonsense, of red tape and imagination, and, oddly enough, it works rather well.

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A Question of Elbow Room

With the growing complexity of our economy and the consequent rise of bureaucracy goes a decline of freedom. Can the trend to serfdom be reversed?

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Individuality is freedom lived.

When we use the word individuality we refer to a whole gamut of meanings. Starting from the meanings which pertain to the deepest recesses of private consciousness, these different meanings can be counted off one by one like the skins in the cross section of an onion, until we reach the everyday outer hide of meaning which crops up in common talk.

When we speak commonly, without exaggerated precision, of an individual don't we mean a person who has grown up in an environment sufficiently free from outside pressures and restraints to develop his own private evaluations of men and events? He has been able to make himself enough elbow room in society to exhibit unashamed the little eccentricities and oddities that differentiate one man from another man. From within his separate hide he can look out at the world with that certain aloofness which we call dignity. No two men are alike any more than two snowflakes are alike. However a man develops, under conditions of freedom or conditions of servitude, he will still differ from other men. The man in jail will be different from his cellmates but his differences will tend to develop in frustration and hatred. Freedom to develop individuality is inseparable from the attainment of what all the traditions of the race have taught us to consider to be the true human stature.

Fifty years ago all this would have been the rankest platitude, but we live in an epoch where the official directors of opinion through the schools, pulpits and presses have leaned so far over backwards in their efforts to conform to what they fancy are the exigencies of society based on industrial mass production, that the defense of individuality has become a life and death matter.

It is a defense that a man takes on at his peril. The very word has become suspect. Even to mention individualism or individuality in circles dedicated to the fashionable ideas of the moment is to expose oneself to ridicule. "Listening to papers on individualism—how boring!" exclaimed a lady to whom I tried to explain over the phone what I was doing in Princeton.

The Founders on "Happiness"

When all the discussions of the position of man in the framework of government that had obsessed so many of the best minds of the century came to a focus in 1776, the chief preoccupation of the statebuilders in America was to establish institutions in their new country which would allow each citizen enough elbow room to grow into individuality. They differed greatly on how best to bring about that state of affairs but there was no disagreement on fundamental aims. Protection of the individual's happiness—the assurance of the elbow room he needed to reach his full stature—was the reason for the state's existence.

Thomas Jefferson and Gouverneur Morris held very differing views on the problems of government. Jefferson was an agrarian democrat who believed that every man was capable of taking some part in the government of the community; Morris was a city-bred aristocrat who believed that only men to whom wealth and position had given the advantage of a special education were capable of dealing with public affairs; but when Morris wrote George Washington his definition of statesmanship—"I mean politics in the great Sense, or that sublime Science which embraces for its Object the Happiness of Mankind"—he meant the same thing by the word happiness as Jefferson did when he wrote it into the Declaration of Independence. To both men it meant elbow room. Elbow room is positive freedom.

Consult any sociologist today as to the meaning of happiness in the social context and he'll be pretty sure to tell you it means adjustment. Adjustment, if it is freedom at all, is freedom of a very negative sort. It certainly is the opposite of elbow room.

The outstanding fact you learn from reading the letters of the men of 1776 was that none of them had any illusions about how men behaved in the political scheme. A radical idealist like Jefferson allowed for the self-interest (real or imagined) of the average voter, or for the vanity and ambition and greed of the officeholder, as much as a cynical conservative like Gouverneur Morris.

Both parties understood the common man as well as any of the more desperate demagogues we have with us today. They allowed for his self-seeking, for his shortsightedness, his timidity, his abominable apathy, his only intermittent public spirit. The difference was that the statesmen of the early republic used that "sublime Science" in the service of their great statebuilding aims. Using men as they found them, they managed to set up the system of balanced self-government which made possible the exuberant growth of the United States.

In Jefferson's day the average citizen had a fair understanding of most of the workings of the society he lived in. The years that stretch between us and the day of his death have seen the shape of industry transformed in rapid succession by steam power, electric power, the internal combustion engine, and now, by jet propulsion and the incredibly proliferating possibilities of power derived from nuclear fission and fusion. Any social system of necessity molds

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itself into shapes laid down by the daily occupations of the individual men who form its component parts. The mass-production methods of assembly-line industry have caused a society made up of individuals grouped in families to give way to a society made up of individuals grouped in factories and office buildings, for whom family life has been relegated to the leisure hours.

Modern Political Apathy

Life in our drastically changing industrial world has become so cut up into specialized departments and vocabularies, and has become so hard to understand and to see as a whole, that most people won't even try. Even people of first-rate intelligence, at work in various segregated segments of our economy, tend to get so walled up in the particular work they are doing that they never look outside of it. Even if they remember that every man has a duty to give some of his time and some of his energy to the general good, they don't know how to go about it.

Enormously complicated political institutions have grown up in response to the exigencies of the industrial framework. Instead of the farming communities which Jefferson expected to be the foundation of self-government we have a population concentrated in cities and suburbs. Instead of living under the least possible government, most of the American people are living under an accumulation of often conflicting sovereignties.

A man working for General Motors in Detroit, for an example, is subject to the management of his corporation, and to the often arbitrary government of the United Auto Workers. He is subject to the traffic police on the road on his way to and from work, to the taxes and regulations of the town where he lives, to the taxes and regulations of the state of Michigan and to the ever-expanding authority of the federal government. Each of these sovereignties has the power to make itself extremely disagreeable if he crosses its bureaucratic will. To hold his end up against this panoply of disciplinary powers, the man has only the precarious right to hold up his hand in the meeting of his union local, and the right to put his cross on the ballot in an occasional election, opposite the name of some politician he has perhaps only heard of in the confusion of electoral ballyhoo.

Is it surprising that the common man is hard to coax out of the shell of political apathy he has grown to protect himself from the knowledge of his own helplessness? The first step towards restoring to this man a sense of citizenship would be to explain his situation to him in terms which have reference to the observable facts of his daily life. A fresh political vocabulary is needed before we can try to reset the individual cogs so that they mesh into the wheels of government.

None of this means that Thomas Jefferson's or John Adams' aspirations, to build a state which would afford the greatest possible amount of elbow room to the greatest number of its citizens, are obsolete. Their "sublime Science" was based on an understanding of factors in human behavior which have not changed since the beginnings of recorded history. Newton's basic principle of gravitation has not been superseded. It has been amended and amplified by Einstein's formulae. Newton's still remains one of the explanations through which mathematicians cope with the observable facts of physics. In a somewhat similar way, if men could be found to apply to political problems the sort of first-rate rigorous thinking which we have seen applied to physics in our lifetime, and if the study of the science of state-building should thus come into its own again, the great formulations of the generation of 1776 would still be found valid.

Buried Treasure

If there were to grow up in this country a generation of young men and women who felt that the most important thing in life was to restore elbow room to the people of the United States, they would find in the records of the founders of the Republic a storehouse of the skills and mental attitudes they would need in their work. They would find that every word which was spoken or written on the art of politics between 1775 and 1801 would take on a new urgency.

By a reapplication of the vocabulary of freedom they might find some formula through which to apply the basic tenets of individualism as directly to our daily lives as Jefferson and his friends applied them to the everyday world they knew. Lord knows for the last twenty years we have done enough talking about democracy in this country. Maybe the reason why the talk doesn't turn into useful action is because the terms don't apply to our lives as we live them.

Jefferson's ideas are particularly cogent to us now because among the leaders of the American Revolution he led the radical wing which was in favor of more popular rule rather than less. He was the chief leader of the tendency which led us to universal adult suffrage. In a letter he wrote a few days before his death, refusing on account of the state of his health an invitation to spend the very Fourth of July which was destined to be his last with a group of admirers in Washington City, he spoke happily of the blessings of self-government and of "the free right to the unbounded exercise of reason and freedom of opinion," and rephrased the basic conviction of his life with characteristic vehemence: "The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred ready to ride

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Jefferson Wrote:

I would rather be exposed to the inconveniences attending too much liberty than to those attending too small a degree of it.

The only orthodox object of the institution of government is to secure the greatest degree of happiness possible to the general mass of those associated under it.

The republican is the only form of government which is not eternally at open or secret war with the rights of mankind.

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them legitimately by the grace of God."

It is one of the magnificent ironies of history that the zealots for total bureaucratic rule, whose dogma provides them with boots and spurs to ride the mass of mankind, justify themselves by the same political phraseology which the men of Jefferson's day hoped would make forever impossible the regimentation of the many by the few. Unfortunately, the practice of the demagogic dictatorships abroad is not so far from our own as we would like to think. The redeeming feature of our bureaucratic government is that the machinery still subsists within it by which the popular will can effect its transformation in any conceivable direction. All we need is the wit and the will.

The Rise of Conformity

It is always well to remember that the commonest practice of mankind is that a few shall impose authority and the majority shall submit. Watch any bunch of children playing during a school recess. It is the habit of individual liberty which is the exception. The liberties we enjoy today, freedom to express our ideas if we have any, freedom to jump in a car and drive any place we want to on the highway, freedom to choose the trade or profession we want to make our living by, are the survivors of the many liberties won by the struggles and pains of generations of English-speaking people who somehow had resistance to authority in their blood. Their passion for individuality instead of conformity was unique in the world. What the generation of 1776 did was to organize those traditions into a new system.

When the British troops marched out of Yorktown to surrender to Washington's army one of their bands played a tune called "The World Turned Upside Down." In the long run the people of the United States have managed to make the promise of that tune come true. Underdog has come mighty near to becoming topdog. The other side of that medal is that the cult of the lowest common denominator has caused brains, originality of mind, quality of thought to be dangerously disparaged. Conformity has been more prized than individuality. All the same, we can write in the credit column that there has never been a society where so many men and women have shared a fellow feeling for so many other men and women. With every change in economic organization new class lines and stratifications have appeared, but they have hardly outlasted a generation or two. The old saying about three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves has turned out profoundly true. Compared to the rest of mankind, we have come nearest to producing a classless society. Ask any recent immigrant.

Nine times out of ten he will tell you that what struck him first in the United States was that feeling of the world turned upside down. The question today is whether, for all its wide distribution of material goods, this classless society offers the individual enough elbow room to make his life worth living.

Right from the beginning the wise men have said that democracy would end in the destruction of liberty. Washington in his last years, and John Adams and the whole Federalist faction, thought universal suffrage would end in demagoguery and despotism. Their reasoning was the basis of the lamentations of the school of Brooks Adams and Henry Adams at the beginning of this century. Hamilton's "your people is a great beast" was echoed by Justice Holmes in his explosion to Carl Becker: "Goddamn them all, I say." Since the earliest days only a small minority have at any time really believed in the privacy of their own consciences that American democracy would work.

Man is an institution-building animal. The shape of his institutions is continually remolding his life. Every new process for the production of food and goods, or for their distribution, changes the social structure. Careers are tailored to fit each new process. People's lives become intertwined with the complicated structures of vested interests. With every institutional change adaptations are demanded. Adaptation is slow and difficult and painful. The symptoms of insufficient adaptation are maladjustment, frustration and apathy. The bureaucratic social structure that has grown up around the present type of industrial production has developed so fast that we are finding it hard, perhaps harder than we realize, to operate the system of checks and balances against inordinate power which the English-speaking people built up through centuries of resistance to authority.

It was Jefferson's sarcastic young friend from Orange County, little James Madison, who set down, in the often-quoted Number 51 of the *Federalist,* the basic hardheaded rule on which all the men of the generation of 1776, radical and conservative alike, based their political theories: "In framing a government which is to be administered by men over men, the great difficulty lies in this; you must first enable the government to control the governed and in the next place oblige it to control itself."

The first problem which men will face, when they try to make elbow room for themselves and for their fellows in the new type of society now coming into being, will be the problem of bureaucracy. Bureaucracy has become dominant in government, in industry and in the organizations of labor. The first interest of these bureaucracies, as of all human institutions, is in their own survival. If these bureaucratic hierarchies, which seem unavoidable in a mass society, can be harnessed to the dynamic needs of self-government, the task of reversing the trend towards individual serfdom into a trend towards individual liberty may not be as hard as it seems at the first glance.

"A Question of Elbow Room" is part of an essay prepared for the Symposium on Individuality and Personality sponsored last September at Princeton, N.J., by The Foundation for American Studies and to be published in the resulting volume: *Essays on Individuality,* which the University of Pennsylvania Press will bring out in the spring of 1958. It is printed here by permission of The Foundation for American Studies.

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The PRINTED Word

WILLMOORE KENDALL

On His Own

What with Dean Acheson and George Kennan at each other's throats, what with the *Reporter* saying that Eisenhower is a great leader after all and the *Nation* and the *New Republic* writing him off as hopeless, what with the Liberal propaganda machine at loose ends as to what position to adopt about anything except catching up with the Russians and more foreign aid—what with all that, the American correspondent of the London *Economist* suddenly finds himself in a situation where his task (relaying the Liberal line) is *not* cut out for him. In this week's "American Survey" all he is able to come up with, in consequence, is the following:

—The President is the "one unifying element in the American system"; in all likelihood, however, the "best President the United States will have for another three long years is Dwight Eisenhower," from whose leadership "no one expects very much any more"; there is, to be sure, "much brave talk" about the Legislature's "taking over the lead," but it is "too divided in purpose to take the place of the President"; "the whole machinery of the American government has got stuck."

—The present session of Congress will not, however, repeat the pattern of last year's: there will be no "apparently spontaneous revolt against a big Budget"; no domestic issue will generate "intense feelings" like those associated with last year's Civil Rights Act; the "controversial issues" that "clamor for attention"—the Trade Agreements Act, American participation in the Organization for Trade Cooperation, amendment of the Atomic Energy Act to "permit pooling of scientific information with America's allies"—are, alas, of greater interest to foreign governments than to Congress.

—Congress will probably canvass the various projects for reorganizing the Department of Defense; but if Senator Johnson's Preparedness Subcommittee should endorse some of the more drastic reform proposals, "interservice rivalry is certain to get worse before it gets any better."

—The new budget will result in a small deficit: the defense budget is "obviously going to be larger than the current year's," and "revenue is falling short owing to the recession in business."

—Mr. Dulles is not likely to be "retired immediately," although "that cold-blooded political manipulator, Thomas Dewey," thinks he should be; his foreign policy, however, "will certainly come in for a good deal of criticism," since it is now widely understood in America that Dulles is "universally distrusted by friends, foes, and neutrals abroad"; Mr. Eisenhower, as his health and popularity decline," relies increasingly on Mr. Dulles' "formidable technical resources."

—Mr. Dulles is up against a new problem: formerly his chief critics in Congress were the "neo-isolationist Republicans"; now his chief worry is the "internationalist Democrats"; the latter, however, are a disappointment: they are not providing a genuine debate on the "great issues of foreign policy," as witness the fact that none of them, "not even Senator Humphrey," has the "imagination or daring to raise such issues as those propounded by Mr. George Kennan in his famous B.B.C. lectures."

—Harold Stassen is "one of the most original and creative members of the Administration"; he alone, of those in "high places," would deal with the Russians even before the United States has regained its "position of strength," and without demanding that the Russians first prove their good faith; "unfortunately," however, he is "as mistrusted at home as Dulles is abroad," and is not "likely to make much of an impact on the public at this late date."

—A large number of "prominent Senators and Representatives" are determined to finance greater missile expenditures by "cutting foreign economic aid"; they seem likely, despite the efforts of "Senator Fulbright and other Democrats," to strip American policy of "such imaginative and nonmilitary features as it possesses": the only hope here seems to lie with Vice President Nixon, who might, even yet, "rouse the country to the need to counter the [Russian] threat on [the] economic front."

—Anticipate a "great debate" over the Rockefeller Brothers' Report proposal to make the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs "the principal military adviser to the Secretary of Defense"; first reactions to the report indicate, however, that it will fail of its purpose: "even the Sputnik has not drowned the fears and prejudices which led originally to the present time-wasting and inefficient compromise which puts all three services on an equal and competitive basis."

—American meteorologists who have visited the USSR are "impressed" by the "work and money" it is putting into research on the weather ("After the intercontinental missile, the prospect of intercontinental siege by weather . . . American scientists have warned that in the future the U.S. might find itself flooded or parched at the [Kremlin's] whim"); one American physicist states that the "heat given out by automobile exhausts and factory chimneys may melt enough polar ice to raise the ocean by forty feet in the next half-century."

—The "telling consideration" behind the U. S. decision to put into production two IRBM's (the Jupiter and the Thor), rather than only one, was the "need to get some IRBM's to Europe by the end of this year, almost regardless of cost" ("Obviously, two production lines can produce faster than one"); not even in America, however, is the attempt likely to be made to produce them on the same scale as 155-mm. shells: at best, they will cost half a million dollars each and, unlike airplanes, will be good for only one journey.

Few English readers, one imagines, will miss the two major tacit points, namely: that the U.S., run as it is by Americans not Englishmen, doesn't make much sense; and that what sense it does make it owes to fine chaps like William Fulbright and Hubert Humphrey.

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

More of the Same Won't Help

The guided uproar about the training of scientists and technologists that is now sweeping the country is based upon arguments which at first sight have a certain simple plausibility: *major premise,* the Soviets have apparently made an impressive breakthrough on an important technological front; *minor premise,* the Soviets are training x-thousand more scientists and technologists per year than we are; *conclusion,* to meet the Soviet threat we must train y-thousand more scientists and technologists than we are now training. Therefore, the way to save the country is to direct our entire educational system toward the production of scientists and technologists.

Like most simple arguments about complex problems, the present favorite formula of pundit and President abounds in fallacies. To treat the more obvious ones first:

1. There is no proof whatever that Soviet advances in the rocket-missile field are due to the superiority of their scientists or their technologists; rather it would seem that they are the result of a political-military decision to concentrate the maximum of money and scientific manpower on the problem. Here, the Administration of a Chief Executive who believes that "war is unthinkable" concentrated its economies upon military development while "welfare" expenditures continued to expand.

2. Even if it could be proved that we have suffered from a shortage of first-class personnel available for decisive technical projects in the military field, this would by no means prove that scientists of the highest ability did not exist in sufficient quantity in this country. It has been clear for a number of years that a well-directed and highly organized strike and sabotage operation against scientific development in the military field has been conducted by an important group of scientists, aided and abetted by other sections of the Liberal Establishment. One need only mention such instances as Einstein's widely publicized advice to a young scientist to go on strike; Oppenheimer's sabotage of the hydrogen bomb; Norbert Wiener's refusal to participate in military projects.

3. The crowning absurdity of the argument arises from the pleasant thought that the Soviet leaders are playing for marbles. If we really had fallen disastrously behind in the technological race because we simply did not have the scientists and technologists to equal the Soviets', if therefore the Soviets were moving rapidly toward a technological supremacy to which our only answer was the education of the next generation—what kind of Communists would they be who would hesitate for a moment to smash us? If the situation were indeed so bad, the education of a new generation of scientists would be totally irrelevant. There could be only two logical conclusions to the argument: surrender, or immediate all-out war while we still possessed general superiority or parity.

But all these fallacies are relatively minor compared to the fundamental fallacy. That is the assumption that our overriding problem is a technological one. Granted we do have such a problem; granted the Soviets have made immense advances. But suppose tomorrow we reported a stunning technological triumph—an impenetrable anti-aircraft and anti-missile defense, or the conquest of the principle of anti-gravity—what would we do with it? For almost a decade after 1945 we possessed paramount technological power and available military predominance in decisive weapons sufficient to guarantee the success of any principled and steadfast foreign policy. What did we do with it? During those years an additional third of the world was conquered by the Communists.

There is a kind of macabre logic in the current concentration of interest upon the educational system. The failures of that system do have a great deal to do with the present travail of the nation—but not because it has failed to train scientists and technologists. Predominant educational theory has been all too scientific, all too technological. It is not scientists it has failed to produce, it is men. It is in the education of men imbued with the intellectual and spiritual heritage of Western civilization that it has failed desperately. And without such men, is there any wonder that the will to defeat the Soviets, the will to utilize our strength, has disintegrated?

The education of men as intellectual and spiritual beings is logically and existentially prior to any training of specialized capacities. Only an educational system based upon the vision of man as a creature destined to ends beyond the utilitarian can contribute to the making of such men. No education based upon the scientific outlook and method can meet this criterion.

The scientific outlook, impressive though its triumphs have been in the past century and a half, is concerned only with control and manipulation. It explores nature in order to create instrumentalities for the control of nature. When it turns to men as in the "social sciences," it is to create instrumentalities for the control of men. It is pragmatic to the core, totally unconcerned with the ends of existence, with the destiny of man, with the very meaning of the Good.

Our stupendously footless educational system was sired by John Dewey out of Teachers College under the sign of the pragmatic and instrumentalist scientific method. It has been a major factor in the creation of a society dedicated to the proposition that everything is instrumental and relative, that there is no good or evil, no high or low, no noble or ignoble.

Certainly our educational system must be recast from top to bottom if we as a nation and the champions of a civilization are to survive. But what is needed is not more emphasis on science and the pragmatic, but less. What is needed is a return to education based upon what Alfred North Whitehead called "the habitual vision of greatness," an education that displays to men the grandeur of their destiny, the nobility of their duty.

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

The Role of the College Chaplain:

II. Down, Boy, Down

It is possible that Father Halton of Princeton will be remembered as the liberator of the college chaplain. Even now, six months after his expulsion, the talk about him is tangential. Father Halton's obsession with his faith may indeed have blunted his manners, and the conventions of the Academe he quite clearly did not understand; or if he did, he did not heed them. Sir Harold Nicolson in his study of *Good Behaviour* insists that the early Christians were persecuted not so much for their faith as their manners—the essence of bad manners being, for Sir Harold as for so many others, a disputatious zeal in propounding one's views. Well, their manners notwithstanding, the Christians ended up making their point.

As, I believe, will Father Halton. Whatever his manners, his position is essentially a) the college chaplain is not *ex officio* the intellectual inferior of members of the academic faculty; and b) the college chaplain has the responsibility to dispute those affirmations of faculty members that contradict or undermine the teachings of religion.

Let us revert to the case of Professor Walter Stace of Princeton's Department of Philosophy, the gentleman Father Halton took on after arriving in Princeton. Professor Stace (who has now retired) taught both graduate and undergraduate students at Princeton for twenty-three years. The *Princeton Alumni Weekly* has referred to him as "the most eminent member" of the University's Philosophy Department. As for his manners —they are by all accounts exquisite. As witness the fact that he declined to answer a single criticism of Father Halton.

Professor Stace's audience reached far beyond Princeton. He preached even in the semi-popular press. In the *Atlantic Monthly* of September 1948, for example, he wrote:

> I believe in no religion at all . . . Since the world is not ruled by a spiritual being, but rather by blind forces, there cannot be any ideals, moral or otherwise, in the universe outside us. Our ideals, therefore, must proceed from our own minds; they are our own inventions. Thus the world which surrounds us is nothing but an immense spiritual emptiness. It is a dead universe . . . purposeless, senseless, meaningless . . . The Catholic Bishops of America propose as remedy a return to belief in God and in the doctrines of Christian religion . . . they have that kind of unconscious dishonesty which consists in lulling oneself with opiates and dreams.

And four years later, in his book *Time and Eternity,* Professor Stace summarized his views on the Christian concept of God. God, wrote Mr. Stace, is a "superstition, a gigantic and perhaps benevolent ghost, an immense, disembodied, and superearthly clergyman [he might have said 'superearthly College Chaplain']."

There are several responses a college chaplain might make to this kind of assault on religion. The most typical of these is 1) nothing. Indeed, there is no record, so far as I know, of an explicit challenge to Professor Stace by Father Halton's predecessor, or by chaplains of other faiths. The prevailing mode is to ignore assaults on religion, hoping that a reverential Sunday reading of the Bible will confound the Heathens. (Incidentally, for my money this is the real offense against manners: to ignore the Staces, as Stace ignored Halton. But the average college chaplain intends no offense. He does not ignore the atheists out of a feeling of confident superiority, but rather because of a social and intellectual timidity.)

An alternative response to a Stace is 2) for the chaplain to give a sermon or two on the mischief of atheism, taking care not to allow the listener to infer a relationship between Stace's attack and the chaplain's sermon. This involves circuities and ellipses that, in more cases than not, give the student the impression that a) what the chaplain is saying is irrelevant to what he heard yesterday in Professor Stace's class; or b) that though both are talking about the same general subject, the chaplain is not meeting the arguments offered by Stace.

The third alternative was Father Halton's. Directly to challenge, at church on Sunday (what better place, or time?) the claims of leading atheist evangelizers on campus, mentioning them by name—not with the idea of publicly anathematizing them, but merely for directness and simplicity —and enumerating their arguments, one by one.

This Father Halton undertook to do. One Sunday morning the congregation found itself enrolled in a course of five lectures, to be delivered one every Sunday, on the philosophy of Walter Stace. One after the other Father Halton examined the premises of Mr. Stace and the conclusions he draws from them. Do not, he told the students, assume that because Professor Stace is a renowned philosopher he is a wise man. Men of greater learning than Professor Stace have covered all this ground before. You are not aware of the fact, so let me lead you through the history of naturalist speculation—and so it went.

But Princeton was agog. The *Princetonian* became an is-God-is-or is-He-ain't tabloid, and all Princeton a *voyeur* at Father Halton's Sunday masses. Father Halton's "attack" on Stace was challenged in a spate of letters to the *Princetonian.* Father Halton (was this a mistake?) undertook to answer the criticisms. When he got to consuming more space than the *Princetonian* would give him, he took out full page ads. So it went.

To excess perhaps. Yet what college chaplain, anywhere in the country, and of any faith, can, on reflection, be altogether untouched by Father Halton's experience? Just what *is* an excess of zeal? Father Halton did not parade about Nassau Hall flagellating himself, remember. He went after the Staces. That is the essence of his experience, and of his crime.

(To be concluded next time)

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Passage from Communism

EUGENE LYONS

Being both emotional and articulate, Howard Fast has given us a fascinating blow-by-blow account of the anguished process of his break with the Communist Party (*The Naked God,* Praeger, $3.50). Except in the formal sense, that break is far from completed; Fast's mind is still cluttered with the prejudices and clichés of his indoctrination. For anti-Communists, the spectacle again raises the problems of conscience and tactics posed each time a prominent writer or intellectual escapes from the dungeon-world of Communism.

One critic, sensible enough on other scores, sees no problems. "Why genuflect before a Howard Fast?" he exclaimed. "He's played the Kremlin's dirty games for a dozen years and can't settle accounts with a bit of rhetoric." But the matter is not so simple.

The opening episode in Fast's personal drama, insofar as it has been played out publicly, took the form of a column in the *Daily Worker* of June 12, touched off by the publication of the text of Khrushchev's "secret speech" in February. Despair was the keynote of the column, despair deepened by a sense of personal guilt. Confronting the "record of barbarism and paranoid bloodlust," Fast pledged that "never again" would he remain silent in the face of Soviet evil, nor "accept the 'clever rationale'" for Communist crimes.

Though filled with routine Communist self-deceptions, his statement seemed to me an act of courage and contrition, and I provoked the second episode by addressing an open letter to him through the *New Leader.* His response, on July 30, was turgid, shrilly self-righteous, confused—a true reflection of his inner turmoil and his natural impulse to defend his battered ego.

For at this point he was still desperately searching for an excuse, almost any "clever rationale," to remain in the familiar dungeon of his long obsession. He was still asking, nay begging, Khrushchev or someone in Moscow to admit and disown Stalin's anti-Semitism; this had become for him the acid test of the hoped-for Great Change in post-Stalin Russia that might enable him to evade the dreaded apostasy.

He quoted lengthily from a tourist report on the reformed Soviet Russia by a notorious party-liner to reassure himself that, despite everything, "the Soviet Union was moving toward the future." He professed to read into my letter an invitation to foreswear humanism and idealism, to become an FBI "informer," and above all, to take the sinful "path to the big money" which, as everyone knows, is instantly opened up for every defecting Communist. Even as he denounced his Party's patently dishonorable condoning of barbarous crimes, he insisted illogically that "the role of American Communism was never coupled with dishonor."

But a few months later the last of his unclever rationales failed him and Howard Fast announced his rejection of the Communist Party. He wrote a long essay explaining his years of ordeal under Party discipline when he had swung between rebellion and pained submission. It is this essay, substantially expanded, that is now the book he calls *The Naked God.* The divinity, of course, is Communism, "whom we worshipped for his noble raiment" though he was "naked and ugly in his nakedness."

No longer does he contend that American Communism is without dishonor, but only that "we in the rank and file of the Party were honorable people." Indeed, "the Communist Party of the United States has lost whatever claim it had to honor and integrity." The villains of his story are the leaders: "a bureaucracy of terror, murder and fear—an incredible swindle exercised on decent folk all over the world." And fellow travelers, because they would enjoy the best of both worlds, move him to genuine fury. They are "the mental revolutionaries, the parlor pinks, the living-room warriors, the mink-coated allies of the working classes." Only ordinary Party members, which is to say people like himself, are exempted from the indictment.

Of his Soviet wave of the future, not a shred now survives. "We must begin," he writes, "by understanding that we are not dealing with social science or any other kind of scientific movement and outlook; we are dealing with naked terror, awful brutality, frightening ignorance. . . . I cannot write without anger and shame and hatred." As for his so recent illusions of post-Stalin reform: "How little has changed!"

Fast fails to provide a rational explanation of his experience to the reader because he is as yet unable to explain it to himself. He proves to the hilt, for instance, that Communists are inaccessible to reason. Yet it is to them in the first place that his argument is addressed. Typically, at this stage he is hypersensitive to the verdict of yesterday's comrades. He is frightened by the time of "renegacy" ahead of him.

But I have no real doubt that this disorganized, often contradictory, and at points intellectually incoherent book is the latest, not the last, installment in the drama. In due time, I expect, Howard Fast will acknowledge that he wrote it too soon: be-

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fore he had fully shaken off his past, before he could begin to understand the bedrock causes of the inhumanity and blood-lust that finally sickened him beyond endurance. As yet he treats the effects as if they were inexplicable aberrations, unrelated to the political-economic dogmas on which they rest.

My conviction derives from the clear internal evidence that Fast is fundamentally honest, that where he falsifies it is not to mislead the reader but to mislead himself. More important, his confusions are not in the moral but in the ideological area. Though no fool, he is obviously a man governed by his heart rather than his head; his ethical instincts are robust and in the long run must prove decisive.

Alibis for horror have for him, he declares, "less intrinsic meaning . . . than the picture of a single tear of an innocent man who is being tortured to confess to crimes he never committed or dreamed of. . . . The evil we did was to accept the degradation of our own souls." The world must learn, "out of its own deep agony, that the dignity of one man, any man, is in a very true way the dignity of all men." However snared he may continue to be in left-over slogans, he is clear-eyed on the essence.

"I had awakened from a long and terrible nightmare," he says of the period after he left the Party, "but months would pass before I could write about the essence of this nightmare—before I would be able to look upon it with some objectivity and say to myself: 'I have only one important task in front of me—to define this thing, to explain it, to picture this unholy god in his own frightful nakedness.'"

More months must pass before he is sufficiently released from the nightmare to see the dishonesty of his ritual attacks, in this book, on "professional anti-Communists" and "professional patriots," the Party's code words for the more troublesome of its detractors; before he can mention names like Whittaker Chambers and Joe McCarthy without the conditioned reflex of disgust. He will then grasp the deeper implications of his own testimony that "never before did an organization possess such enormous powers of destruction and castigation, to be exercised upon the individual who challenges it out of knowledge."

The human temptation, for ardent anti-Communists who have been hurt in the battle, is to demolish every fugitive from the Communist corral with the weapons of logic and contempt. It is all too easy—and pleasant too—to chide Howard Fast for having taken so long to see the truth, to expose the absurdities of his self-analysis, to identify the mental and emotional clichés that still tangle his thinking: in short, to reject him as only half-cured and unworthy.

That has been the reaction of many anti-Communists to *The New Class* by Milovan Djilas, and already it is in evidence in the reaction to *The Naked God*. But that sort of victory over a new ex-Communist is too facile to be glorious; it is lacking in plain compassion, and self-defeating in terms of the historic struggle against Communism. It plays into the hands of those whom Fast calls the "commissar-priests" and it makes more terrible their ultimate weapon of excommunication.

"When a Communist walks out of the Communist Party," Fast attests, as hundreds have attested before him, "he must travel through a special purgatory that no one other than he who has come through before can possibly understand." In this time he needs a bridge to reality. For Djilas, and even more so for Howard Fast, the main bridge is what they vaguely call "democratic socialism."

Significantly, neither of them risks defining it clearly and concretely. Fast falls back on diffuse, pietistic verbiage: "Socialism, justice and the brotherhood of man are mighty and irresistible forces. . . . All peoples of this earth will find their way to socialism in their own way."

In the aforementioned answer to my letter, again significantly, the emphasis on the mysterious pure brand of socialism is greater than in the book. But it is little more than a high-pitched state of mind, a reaching out for grace, something heart-warming that he says he derives from "the ancient Jewish prophets, from the Testament, from the Four Gospels of Jesus Christ, from . . . Thomas Jefferson . . . George Bernard Shaw," though as an embarrassed concession to consistency he winds up the inventory with Marx and Engels. His socialism, he declaims, means "brotherhood, love, work with dignity, and leisure made precious and rewarding, enough for all and nowhere want and privation." Even a fanatic anti-Socialist could honestly say Amen! to that vision of Utopia.

In the hour of his liberation the ex-Communist is the most vulnerable of human beings. He staggers forth in a bewilderment of shame, guilt, contrition, blinded by the sudden daylight and dizzied by the fresh air of freedom. He must learn again to walk erect and to think straight in the world this side of his nightmare. My own instinct has always been to meet him more than halfway, in a spirit of fellow feeling. I have never quite trusted the Communist, whether in the Party or in its fringes, who turns overnight into a full-fledged anti-Communist.

It seems to me unreasonable and futile to expect anyone to make the transition from totalitarian deep-freeze to free concepts in one miraculous leap. It is a slow and painful process of thawing out and emotional convalescence. I think we should give the ex-Communist generous credit for the distance covered, rather than blame him for the distance that remains to be covered.

On those terms, *The Naked God* can be as rewarding as it is absorbing. It offers a clearer and more fascinating picture of life inside the Party for the Communist writer and artist than I have ever seen before, and a glimpse of "the ugliness of hell," in Fast's phrase, that no reader will soon forget.

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Short Story Chronicle

Supply and Demand

ROBERT PHELPS

Literary talent which really wishes to deliver itself usually works with whatever marketing conditions are available. For every Rimbaud who throws in the sponge and saves his own soul, perhaps, but loses his art, there are several mere masters—from Shakespeare to Colette—who plug away, ingeniously compromise, and humbly adapt their visions to whatever forms their contemporaries propose.

One of the most significant aspects of short-story writing in our own immediate decade has been the emergence of a New Market. In 1900, Conrad wrote for *Blackwood's* and Henry James for Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Weekly*. A generation later, Fitzgerald wrote for *Cosmopolitan* and Faulkner for *Satevepost*. But by 1950, our comparably serious young writers were adapting themselves to the particular requirements of the literary quarterlies (hereinafter referred to as LQ), a widening market which should neither be underestimated, nor confused with its brasher forerunner, the "little magazine." For unlike the latter, which lived on a shoestring, was frequently edited in Europe, and mostly died an early, martyr's death, the LQ lives on subsidies, is frequently edited on a college campus, and enjoys an unruffled, prosperous middle age.

It may not pay very well per word, but it has become the principal source not only of elite readership and prestige, but of the teaching sinecures, Rockefeller grants and writer's colony residence which the professional writer who is not a mere hack—the man whose business, as Conrad once put it, is to "make a certain number of pages of prose"—must depend on today to eat. And what is most interesting about the LQ *vis-à-vis* young talent is the extent to which the latter can *use* the former for its own purposes, as Shakespeare used the Elizabethan stage. For it is just as possible to be ruined by the *Kenyon Review* as it is by *Blackwood's*. It takes just as much cunning, kenning, and plain conning to work for one as for the other.

Of the eleven stories in Robie Macauley's *The End of Pity* (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.50), eight meet this market challenge head on; and it is no small compliment to Mr. Macauley that they all survive it. For just as readers of *Blackwood's* wanted melodrama, so readers of *Furioso* want preciosity—and in both cases in amounts which can leave the story a victim of its conventions. What saves Mr. Macauley is not only the fact that he has had experiences elsewhere than on a campus, but that he has been *inside* himself, and that he consistently writes about people with the knowledge he has earned there. In a story like "The Legend of Two Swimmers," he has met his market and transcended it; written a permanently fine short story; and—I should guess—also sketched the whole direction (precise, relaxed, reflective reminisence) that his future as a writer is going to follow.

Expressly designed for the LQ market, *Fifteen by Three* (New Directions, $1.35) is less successful. It contains prefaces and five stories each by three young writers who have all published their first novels and have either studied or taught in writers' workshops. In one of the prefaces, James B. Hall points out that "like poetry, modern short fiction supports elaborate exegesis and interpretation," thus putting his finger on the chief "market requirement" of the LQ story. Read largely by "creative writing students" (Eng. Lit. 6969, admission by instructor's permission only), it must meet a demand—not for a good yarn, not for a surprise ending, not for emotional viability—but for "metaphor, trope, and heightened rhetoric." All the kids in those seminars want grist for their analytic mills, an intricate *method* to study and probe, label and talk about. The LQ story exists for the student of storytelling.

Mr. Hall and R. V. Cassill meet the demand, and so to speak vanish in it. In English departments throughout the land, I'm sure their names will be sung from September to June, for their elaborate playing around with narrative, their mechanical parallels to myth, their earnest references to Faulkner or Shelley are done with—well, conviction anyway. They really believe in what they're doing, and certainly fiction has never been so fictitious before. The third contributor, Herbert Gold, has been one of our most productive writers since 1951, when a story called "The Heart of the Artichoke" set himself and his contemporaries a mark in swift, lyric narration. No tropes, in particular, but a lot of images and a lot of live, spoken rhythm: In fact, he seems wholly out of place beside Messrs. Hall and Cassill.

But in spite of the times, we still have the Old Market, the one that wants tales pure and plain, and we still have writers like Italy's Alberto Moravia who can produce them as readily as Maupassant. All twenty-seven of his *Roman Tales* (Farrar, $3.75) are built for brisk reading. A character, a situation, a twist at the end; like O. Henry's stories of the "four million," with the difference that Rome's *operaio* class has more juice than Manhattan's; or maybe it's just that the juice has been fermented.

The story of Tristan begins, "My lords, wilt please you to hear a fine tale of love and death?" and it is to this perennial market that the unique Danish lady who calls herself Isak Dinesen addresses herself. *Last Tales* (Random House, $4.00) stylizes the same conventions Madame Dinesen has used before: the Gothic romance, E. T. Hoffman, a hieratic tone, a general shunning of *verissimo*, and an emphasis upon the mysteries of life which must be perceived by the soul and acknowledged by personal faith. "The Cardinal's First Tale" is characteristic. It is about a pair of twins, one destined for the Church, the other for art. When one of them is killed, the identity of the survivor is never established, and thus, concludes the sagacious Cardinal, the true tale teller became both poet and priest. The old dichotomy of art *vs.* life, diversion *vs.* consecration, song *vs.* prayer is ended. If we let them, our truest poets and storytellers may help us to save our souls, as well as amuse our leisure.

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Men and Manners

The Quick and the Dead

FRANCIS RUSSELL

The undertakers of the United States held the fortieth annual convention of the National Selected Morticians in Boston. Undertaker is, however, an obsolete expression no longer in correct American usage, as the convention public relations officer pointed out. Mortician has for a long time been the accepted term, although funeral counsellor is now the preferred one.

The final banquet and dance of the Selected Morticians at the Hotel Statler was enlivened by the appearance of the current Miss America. According to the *Globe,* "the green-eyed beauty appeared in her official regal tiara. She created quite a stir."

Miss America's appearance was not as surprising as it seemed, for she is the granddaughter of the founder and first president of the Selected Morticians. Her own father, following in the tradition, is the owner of a group of Western mortuaries, and she herself has served as a hostess in her father's establishments. Miss America said she was proud to be associated with morticians "because they do so much for people."

That there is anything lugubrious in morticianing was flatly contradicted by the Morticians' secretary-treasurer. "There is nothing morbid about this business at all," he told reporters. "This is a service for the living." He went on to explain that the mortuary industry was constantly extending its scope of influence into the community as part of its public relations. As an example of this, the establishment of Mottell & Peck in Long Beach, California has a beautiful garden patio, holding two hundred to three hundred people, available to groups for card parties and banquets and other functions. It is booked up months in advance.

Color experts are now being called in to coordinate color schemes in funeral homes. Funeral counsellors and members of their staffs tend to wear ordinary clothing instead of the somber clothes of yesterday. In the South they wear sports jackets and slacks, and even white linen suits. "Today, with more and more people attending funerals, special attention is given to the hard-of-hearing with hearing aids available in family rooms and chapels. Mature women on the staff help ease grief and provide comfort for the members of families suffering losses."

Many of these innovations have not yet reached conservative Boston. At Danny O'Connell's Funeral Home on Massachusetts Avenue the members of his staff still wear black jackets, striped pants and solemnly strained though florid faces. No full-bosomed matrons are provided for sobbing on. The only functions at Danny's are the receptions in the various family rooms the night before the funeral.

It is understood, though no one has ever made an issue of it, that Danny's is non-sectarian but Caucasian Christian. For Catholics he provides a rosary gratis. Protestants have long-playing hymn selections piped to them via concealed amplifiers under the table tops. Jews and Negroes do not come here. They have separate but equal facilities in their individual funeral homes farther down Massachusetts Avenue.

Danny moves with the times, and when patios become general in New England he will undoubtedly have one. Only last year he built a smoking room in the basement, pine-panelled, with red leather arm chairs, where one can for a few minutes relax the austerities of grief. There used to be a fifty-gallon tank of tropical fish down there but people kept dropping cigarette butts over the edge.

I know that when I die, either in a hospital or on the highway by the law of averages, Danny's reception truck will pick me up before anyone else can set eyes on me. If I need patching, I'll be patched. I can be sure that I shall appear decently the night before my funeral, with a smile that lasts. Though I may not ride in Cadillacs often, I shall take my last ride in an El Dorado hearse leading a parade of black sedans with the headlights on and little purple flags attached to the right fenders. It will all run off very smoothly, even to Danny's squaring the clergyman.

Of course it will be expensive, but it will be worth it in the wear and tear it spares my next of kin.

Helen Waddell once wrote: "It is the first movement of grief to cover the face of the dead, and then to cover one's own." Miss Waddell is both old-fashioned and foreign. We in America rarely see death, and our first movement of grief is to reach for the telephone. The funeral home, possibly hostessed by Miss America, will take care of everything. In fact there is no death. There is only the guest book to sign on the way out.

Reading about the Selected Morticians' convention, reconciled myself to Danny O'Connell's when the time comes, I couldn't help but think of my great-uncle George's death in Stourport, England, when my mother was a little girl. One came face to face with death then. The mystery was ineluctable.

George Kent was only twenty-six years old. He died of pneumonia, in his own room, with his mother and brothers and sisters beside him. As he died my great-grandmother in the time-hallowed gesture covered his face, then covered her own. Afterward she and my great-aunt washed his body in the last loving ministrations they could give. By the time Mr. Walker the undertaker had come to measure him for his coffin they were ready. Mr. Walker brought the shroud with him. If he had a coffin of the proper size he would bring it shortly; if not he would make one. Mr. Walker made beautiful coffins. He was a lugubrious man, respected enough to be on the vestry.

So the mortality of my great-uncle was shrouded and coffined in his home. He was not pumped full of formaldehyde, his fingernails were not stained or his cheeks rouged, and he had no smile gummed onto his mouth. He must have been a rather ghastly color. The curate, who used to play cricket with him, came and sat by him all night. The next morning, after Mr. Walker had screwed on the lid, the coffin was taken to the church. Stourport Cricket Club members were the pallbearers. It was all downright primitive.

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To the Editor

The Philosophy of Ayn Rand

Re Mr. Chambers' review of *Atlas Shrugged,* December 28: The advocates of capitalism have been in retreat for more than a hundred years. Although they have been armed with irrefutable arguments demonstrating the superior productivity of the capitalist system, and more recently, the technical impossibility of an industrial socialist society, they have found that their simple utilitarianism provided no completely satisfactory answer to the ethical objections raised by the enemies of freedom. Ayn Rand, in *Atlas Shrugged,* has filled this need through the construction of a stupendous philosophical system, which, ultimately, grounds property rights in the very nature of Man as a rational being. As John Galt, the novel's hero, asserts (with that invincible pride which marks him as the noblest character in literature): "They, who had produced all the wonders of humanity's brief summer, the industrialists, the conquerors of matter, had not discovered the nature of their right. They had known that theirs was the power. I taught them that theirs was the glory." . . .

New York City RALPH RAICO

. . . Mr. Chambers is also gravely in error when he says that Miss Rand's system is "philosophic materialism." Miss Rand is an atheist, to be sure, but emphatically not a materialist—the two are not synonymous. For Miss Rand rests her case squarely on the existence of mind as well as matter. The "mystics of muscle" whom she condemns are not only social reformers but also materialists. The machine, says Miss Rand, is "the frozen form of a living intelligence," the embodying of a human mind's successful reshaping of reality. Further, among the heroes in Miss Rand's Atlantis are a professor of philosophy, a composer and an actress: is this materialism? In fact, one of the great achievements of *Atlas* is the integration, in principle and in practice, and on many levels, of mind and body. . . .

Finally, Mr. Chambers believes that *Atlas* devalues the novel-form because it has a Message. It is, in truth, a novel of ideas, and it is also true that purposeless novels-without-ideas have predominated in the United States—in contrast to Europe, where the Dostoyevskys, Manns, etc., have flourished. I don't think that this is something for America to boast about.

New York City MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

Mr. Chambers argues that Miss Rand seeks and calls for a technological élite, which argument conveniently overlooks the very salient fact that she herself is a novelist! Since Miss Rand believes not in sacrifice but the ego it is hardly likely that she has read herself out of the "élite" as Mr. Chambers so quaintly terms it. . . . It is one of the greatest values of her book that she makes clear that the work of the inventor, scientist and engineer proceeds from the same fount as the work of the poet, the composer and the philosopher. This source is of course the mind and spirit of man: his consciousness that man *is* a conscious being separates him from the animal. . . . To the extent that he develops and extends his *consciousness*—and to that extent only—he *negates* the animal and renders his existence *valid*. . . .

Finally, Mr. Chambers states ". . . in the modern world, the pre-conditions for aristocracy, an organic growth, no longer exist." Yes, Mr. Chambers, it may be that the conditions for an aristocracy of talent do not exist *now,* repeat *now,* in the modern world. But that only serves to point out the fact that it is only the people with the mind and spirit of Miss Rand that can make it so.

Johnsonburg, Pa. EDWIN SWANSON JR.

Oliver St. John Gogarty

Your article on Oliver Gogarty [January 11] is much appreciated by my family and myself. We knew Mr. Gogarty well and agree that the world has lost one of its truly great men. He was the most intelligent and charming man I've ever known.

New York City FRANCIS O'DRISCOLL

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